[ficlet] Human AU: Broken

May. 8th, 2011 at 4:15 AM

Title: Human AU: Broken.
Fandom: Supernatural.
Rating: PG.
Warnings: Mentions of angelcest, also a kiss.
Pairings/Characters: Michael, Lucifer, Raphael, Gabriel.
Word Count: 927 words.
Summary: More conversations, and Gabriel advances an idea.
Note: Written for **spn_30snapshots**, with the prompt broken being used for this one. Twenty-eight down, two to go!

I'm using the prompt broken here in the sense of breaking through barriers/breaking the ice. Not in the sense of breaking anyone. And I'm going to post this and go write the next bit so the cliffhanger ending of this won't be left hanging for too long.

Also? Don't start reading here. Go here and start with #4, as that's the first story in this collection. You'll be confused otherwise.

Gabriel watches Raphael and Michael come into the kitchen and leaves the hot chocolate mix out as he takes a seat at the table, nursing his own (and the overly large helping of marshmellows he dumped into it).

"Why're you shirtless?" Gabriel asks a few minutes later, as he still hasn't puzzled out a reason for Michael to be half-undressed. Not that he objects to the sight.

"What?" Michael asks, turning from the microwave.

"Your shirt." Gabriel says. "Why aren't you wearing it?"

"It got wet," Michael says, then, "I'm agreeing to His offer."

It's a question, Gabriel knows that. He watches Raphael look away, and he raises his mug. He doesn't mean to draw it out, but he thinks Raphael needs more time.

"So'm I," he says at last. "Lord knows I've done a lot none of you would approve of, and some of it was wrong of me."

"You left," Raphael says.

"Don't rub my face in it any more than you have to, okay?" Gabriel says, and drinks his hot chocolate before he says anything else. Before he lets the hurt he's feeling speak for him.

Raphael's quiet as he accepts his drink from Michael, and Gabriel watches as Michael has a seat at the table.

"We've been given a second chance," Michael says softly. "I think we've all wanted that for a long time."

Gabriel chews on a marshmellow, not answering. It's true, though. He doesn't even need to see Raphael's face to know he's thinking the same.

Michael runs a hand through his hair and gets up.

"Lucifer's saying yes," Gabriel says. "You don't need to ask him to know that."

"I wasn't going to ask him," Michael says.

"Then what are you getting up for?"

"I'm cold," Michael says. "I'm getting a blanket."

Gabriel glances at Raphael and decides that he's human, he has an excuse if this turns into a problem.

"Why don't we all retire to the biggest bedroom and talk there? It'll be comfortable for everyone, and a little closeness couldn't hurt now."

Gabriel very carefully doesn't look at anyone while he waits for reactions.

He's not expecting it when barely seconds later Michael is putting his drink on the counter and pulling Gabriel up into a hug.

Gabriel runs a hand up Michael's back and thinks that as used to the height disadvantage as he is, it's still unfair that being hugged like this makes him feel small. So he reaches up and pulls Michael down for a kiss, keeping it loose and warm and nothing more than lips and the brush of tongue.

"Like that idea, huh?" Gabriel asks a moment later, and his voice is gentler than he intended for it to be.

Michael steps back and nods. "I do. And we should check on Lucifer together...all of us," he finishes, giving Raphael a look.

Gabriel shrugs and takes Michael's hand, tangling his fingers in Michael's. It's just touch, but what it means: Michael's accepting his advances, and accepting that Gabriel wants them to be together again. *All* of them.

When he looks up from Michael's hand and over at Raphael, he sees that Raphael's uncertain.

But he's standing up and coming over to touch Michael's shoulder.

Lucifer is by the window when they enter his room, and Michael immediately goes over to him, touching his arm gently.

For a moment Michael expects Lucifer to ask 'what are you doing here', but instead Lucifer turns to face them. There's a mix of wary hope and pain on his face, and Michael's expecting it when Lucifer does finally say:

"I'm agreeing for my sake," Lucifer says. "I'm not expecting any of you to - "

Michael covers his mouth. "We all have our reasons," he says softly. "I don't think any of us are sure about our reasons. But we're doing it. That's why we're here."

He lets his hand drop.

Lucifer studies him, and then Michael watches as his eyes focus on Gabriel and Raphael behind him. Michael doesn't turn around, and instead rests a hand on Lucifer's chest.

"We're not done. I..." and here he falters, "I remember the Cage." Lucifer flinches, but Michael goes on. "It was...the cold wasn't the worst of it. You were lonely, weren't you?"

Lucifer looks at him, then at his hand, and half-turns, not looking at him.

Before Michael can go on, Gabriel speaks up.

"We're getting what you wished for. Why aren't you taking it with both hands?"

Lucifer looks over at Gabriel again, and Michael has to catch him when he abruptly sags, leaning into Michael.

"Lucifer?"

"It's me, isn't it?" Raphael says. "You're not. Because of me."

Gabriel gives a loud sigh, and when Michael looks over Gabriel has pinched Raphael.

"We're going to have lots of time to work on all of this, bro. We're not being asked to solve all of our problems tonight, are we? So come on, stop being depressing."

"Gabriel," Lucifer says slowly. "What are you saying?"

"That right now we should use that bed in an experiment in togetherness. And if anyone asks, we're still human so we're excused for indulging in a body's desires."

Michael can't say he's surprised by what Gabriel's asking for. He *can* say that he's surprised by how Raphael isn't immediately rejecting the idea, and how he himself is gripping Lucifer tighter.

He wants it, he realizes. And from how none of them is protesting, they want it too.

"Right!" Gabriel says, after a moment of letting that sink in. "Clothes off!"

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